

1912

## The Norm, 1912-12

Oregon Normal School

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Set #1

V. 2, no. 2

Dec. 1912

# THE NORM

Christmas  
Number

DECEMBER  
1912





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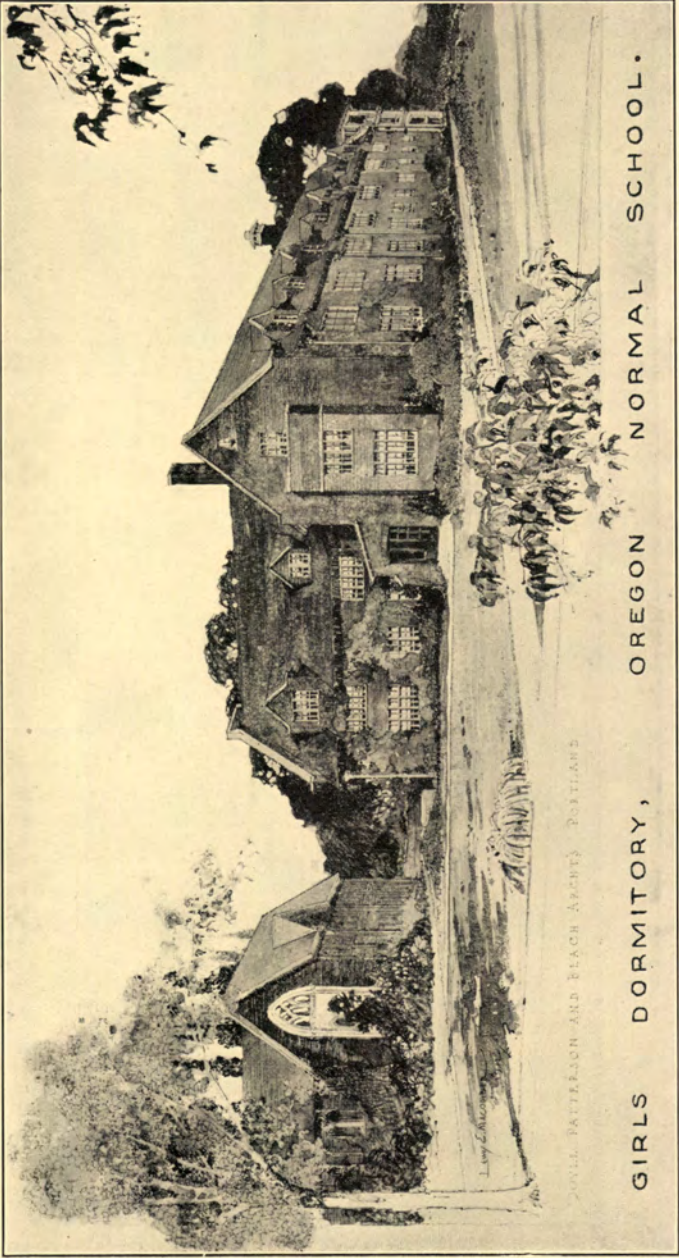
The Store that Saves You Money



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GIRLS DORMITORY, OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL.

# The Norm

VOL. 2

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

No. 2

## Two Christmas Presents

(By BEULAH HESSE.)



ADELINE HOWARD watched the soft, fluffy snowflakes as they fluttered quietly down and settled inconspicuously among their millions of dainty white neighbors.

She wasn't thinking particularly of the snowflakes, nor of the snow-laden trees, nor even of the dozen of cheery-faced passers-by who trudged happily along beneath her windows. Madeline was thinking of Christmas vacation, only one day off, and debating whether or no she should do her duty, which meant visiting the whole two weeks with her aunt, Julia Howard; or, following her inclination and spending the two weeks in Chicago as the guest of her chum, Violet Beaton.

"To be sure," she soliloquized, "Aunt Julia is performing daily duty by sending me to Tolman Hall to school, by keeping me supplied with a meager amount of clothing, and by giving me a limited amount of spending money. But anyway I'd get it when she departs this worldly sphere, so it's about as broad as it is long. If Aunt Julia would sometimes exhibit a spark of real human affection for her only brother's only child, I'd feel so differently toward her.

"Now out of my munificent allowance how much have I left to buy Christmas presents? Precisely eighty-seven cents out of a dollar and a quarter. And only fifteen cents spent worthily, Aunt Julia would say, if she knew that I put that amount in the Sunday School collection and invested the non-present twenty-three as a 'chip in' for the fudge party. The sordidness of my private life would drive an unimaginative person insane."



At this juncture her reflections were interrupted by a tap at the door, as the prim dormitory maid deposited two packages and withdrew.

"Two Christmas presents together," exclaimed Madeline. "The plot begins to thicken."

She scrutinized the outer wrappings, but the address in each case was typewritten and both postmarks were indistinguishably blurred. Neither package was heavy, but one was decidedly bulkier than the other.

Curiosity couldn't long withstand the strain of waiting, so she hastily opened both and spread their contents on the floor. The smaller one contained an odd centerpiece of rather generous proportions, while the other held several pairs of pretty gloves.

"Real French kids," murmured Madeline, as she examined their delicate texture, "and six pairs of 'em, just my size!"

She then examined curiously the centerpiece. "The work is good I must admit, but, oh! the sentiment that would prompt a maiden aunt to send her eighteen-year-old niece anything so absolutely useless. She has foreseen how well it can be utilized on her dining-room table next summer, when I go back during vacation."

"But these gloves are *the* essential thing. Of course Violet's mother sent them, she is always so thoughtful.

"Now what shall I send in return? Oh! I have it. I'll get even with Aunt Julia's grasping nature, by sending that centerpiece to Mrs. Beaton. She's awfully fond of odd fancy-work and I'm sure she'd like this. I can send Aunt Julia the cambric handkerchief that I made in domestic art class last week."

She began at once to tie up the handkerchief and the centerpiece in separate boxes, and as it lacked forty minutes of supper time she took them to the postoffice and started them upon their Christmas journey.

Violet hailed her in the hall on her return, and imparted the information that her brother had invited two promising college "preps" from a neighboring boys' academy to attend her Christmas house party.

"You must come, Madeline," she urged. "Think of the dances and charades and numberless other things that we can have."

"I'll sleep on the thought of it tonight," answered Madeline, "and maybe I will go."

She decided just as she had intended to from the first, and accompanied Violet on the afternoon train. As they were leaving the dormitory, the postman arrived, bringing two letters for Madeline, which in her haste she thrust into her pocket with scarcely a glance at the superscription.

Two hours later, as they were speeding westward over the velvety white plain, Madeline thought of her letters and drew them forth. One was from Aunt Julia and the other from Mrs. Beaton.

The first one she read made Madeline give a gasp of amazement. It ran thus:

*"My Dear Niece:* Did you get the gloves and did they fit you? I hope you will approve my choice. Come home for vacation if you so desire. Your Aunt Julia."

A terrible fear was dawning in Madeline's mind, which took a definite shape as soon as she perused the other letter:

*"My Dear Madeline:* I sent you a little Christmas token in the shape of a centerpiece for your 'love chest,' and quite omitted to write, and again urge you to join us Christmas week. You know how gladly we all will welcome you, so don't disappoint us. Always your friend, Emily L. Beaton."

Conflicting emotions swayed Madeline's wretched heart. As they sped along, a wild idea of jumping from the vestibule of the train assailed her. Another idea was to lose herself in the crowd as soon as they reached the Union Depot. She finally sifted everything down to two conclusions. One was, not to tell Violet, and the other was to be perfectly frank in her explanation to Mrs. Beaton.

Fortunately for Madeline, Violet's mother was one of those rare kinds of mothers, whose minds and hearts are not only large enough to make allowance for her own children, but also for those of others.

On receiving the centerpiece she at first wished she might recall the letter just sent to Madeline. Then she decided that it was better as it was, for she had long desired an opportunity to have a good confidential talk with her young friends.

She listened carefully to Madeline's explanation of her awful blunder about the presents, and then talked to her about how



much better it would have been had she kept her aunt's supposed present and not attempted to send anything to her chum's mother, who expected nothing from her except her cheery presence as a visitor.

Madeline admitted that she had not acted wisely, nor even courteously, no matter whom the centerpiece might have been sent by.

"I will stay four days with you, Mrs. Beaton," said Madeline in conclusion; "then I shall go to see Aunt Julia and show her that I appreciate those lovely gloves just as much from her as I would have from you."

"I am glad to hear you say that," answered Mrs. Beaton, "for it is the accumulation of the little deeds and acts which makes our lives worth while."



## Who Is the Boy?

The following conversation was actually overheard by a member of *The Norm* staff on the train between Salem and Portland. A man and a woman seated beside said member of the staff were talking:

"That little place, Monmouth, is a queer place, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. I s'pose it's on account of their having that school there. You know you go over there and there are more school-ma'ams on the street than any town you ever saw."

"Oh yes, I know all about that. I know a girl who goes there and she told me about the school. She said there were about one hundred and fifty girls and only eighteen boys. And, funny thing, the girls don't hardly pay any attention to but one of them. She said the whole school was badly gone on one young 'feller' who was quite handsome, and the rest were such farmers."

This was all the Monmouthite could stand, and so left. This incident actually happenel last month and is here reported as accurately as possible. The great mystery is, not which girl could have given the gentleman his information, but, for the love of Mike, tell us the boy.

# What Does Christmas Mean?

(By FLORENCE HILL.)

**O**NLY two weeks till Christmas! Oh, I can hardly wait!" The child who, with her mother, was visiting at Elizabeth's home, chattered on, unconscious of the look of pain which crossed Miss Maxwell's face at the mention of Christmas. "Papa said he wrote Santa Claus to bring me—" Without waiting for the rest of the sentence, Elizabeth arose and left the room.

Inside of her beautiful room, she stood gazing from the window at the glistening whiteness of the world without, now lighted by the last rays of the setting sun. Her dark eyes held an expression of pain which had rarely left them since her father's death nearly a year before.

"Aunt Mary," she said as they sat at the dinner table that night, "can we not go to The Lake until Christmas is over?"

"Spend Christmas at The Lake, child! You will be so lonely, and then there is George. You know he wrote that he was coming home from college to spend Christmas. Surely you will not go away."

"I will leave a note for George. I can not remain here. Everything reminds me of last Christmas. Father and I were so happy that morning. He insisted on going down town for a gift for one of the children whom he had forgotten; then there was the wreck, and O, Aunt Mary, Christmas will never mean anything to me again. I can never stand it to stay here and listen to everyone talking of Christmas. You will go, won't you?"

"Yes, Elizabeth, I will write to Mrs. Brown tomorrow and tell her to have the cottage ready for us." Mary Vernon looked at her neice with an expression of mingled tenderness and sympathy.

The little cottage was in spotless order when they arrived. Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, welcomed them warmly. She was a poor woman whose husband and three children had died a



year before. It seemed unnecessary to warn her not to talk of Christmas.

One evening while all three were sitting around the open fireplace, Mrs. Brown was knitting busily. "What are you making?" Mrs. Vernon asked. "Christmas presents," was the answer. "You see those poor little mites at the settlement never had a Christmas tree, and so Miss Allen, the teacher, and I just thought we would do the best we could for them. We haven't much money, but I am making presents for them, and we will have apples and nuts, popcorn and molasses candy. Some way, I think that whatever one can do to make a little child happy is what Jesus would want us to do at Christmas time."

Elizabeth rose hastily and went to her room, but it was long before she closed her eyes that night. When Mrs. Vernon came down stairs the next morning she found her niece waiting for her in the little parlor. Placing her arms about her aunt's neck, she whispered, "Aunt Mary, we must go home. I thought last night of those little ones whom Father always remembered at Christmas time. Aunt Mary, he would not want me to be so selfish as to forget them. The day after tomorrow is Christmas day, and we will have so much to do. May we go this afternoon?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"After all, Elizabeth, that is what Christmas really means, faith and hope and love." They were standing before the open fire grate. George turned toward her with an expression of love and tenderness and asked: "Elizabeth, are you ready to answer that question I asked so long ago?" Elizabeth's face flushed, and though she did not answer, the light in her eyes could not be mistaken.



The following paragraph is taken from a letter written home by a Normal student and which fell into the hands of the editor later: "I have only been to the music class twice so far. The teacher is an old maid but she is O. K. She is full of sunshine and it does one good just to go into her room. If you should go in with the 'blues,' you would be sure to come out smiling."

## Diamond Cut Diamond

(Retold by E. R. PETERSON.)

I WAS walking home from our monthly lodge meeting about midnight, dwelling on an interesting subject,—interesting at least to me,—thinking of how my bachelor days were soon to be ended by the best, the dearest and most beautiful girl in all the world. I entered the house and closed the door behind me.

“Hands up!” demanded a gruff voice. I was just in the act of turning on the light, and, instinctively, I closed the switch. Facing me was something that appeared to be a 38-caliber Smith & Wesson; behind that was a man, young in years,—probably not over thirty,—but with a face that showed considerable experience of a rough sort,—showed that life had not been all smooth sailing. A beard of some three or four weeks’ growth added to the roughness of his appearance; the ragged hair stuck out from beneath the rim of his slouch hat; his dress was in keeping with the rest of his makeup. However, his most noticeable feature was his mouth, for it spanned the entire width of his broad face. All this was taken in at a glance, and I said:

“Heavens! what a mouth!”

“Never mind the mouth. I said, ‘Hands up!’”

“If I had a mouth like that, I could—” But I stopped short when the “38” was raised to my face, and he interrupted with:

“I come here on ‘bizness’ and I ain’t goin’ to be bullied by a guy like you! An’ I’ll pay you for gettin’ smart. You can just empty all your pockets on the table here.” His raising the Smith & Wesson a little higher, together with his firm voice and determined air, made me an obedient servant. I placed my purse and my watch and chain before him.

“Now that ‘di’mon’ on your finger.” I was liberal and contributed that, too. I saw them all go into his pocket.

“Now,” continued he, “before I leave you, I want something to eat.” I lost no time in stepping to the sideboard, and soon had some bread and butter, some cold meat, a dish of jelly and a bottle of port wine on the table.



"If you have no objections, I'll eat, too," said I.

"I'll be glad to have yo'r comp'ny," replied my guest.

The ability of his mouth to put away food was in keeping with its size. I refilled his glass, remarking that the wine was not of a bad quality. As he raised it to his lips, his head tilted back, and his eyes almost closed.

My chance had come. Quick as a flash and with all my strength, I landed a blow on his right temple, and he dropped like a shot beef. He was soon on his feet again, but the tables were turned,—I had the gun.

"Now," I began, "instead of letting you rob me, I am going to relieve you of some of your belongings. First, you may take off your coat and vest." He looked at me inquiringly.

"I am in earnest," I said. He obeyed me as willingly as I had responded to his commands.

"Next you may take off your shoes." He hesitated a little, but I let him have his time, for I was in no hurry and was enjoying the sport.

When he had his shoes off, I said, "Now your pants." He looked at me in astonishment. I raised the gun to the level of his mouth and said, "Off with them!" and off they came.

"Now," I went on, "I suppose I ought to take you to the police, but since you have no clothes, and I have your gun, I'll not bother you any more. We'll call it a square deal. You are free. There is the door, and you may go whenever you are ready."

Without uttering another word, he left the house. I bolted the door behind him, and then proceeded to recover my belongings from his pockets. I found also a large knife, an old pipe, part of a plug of "Horseshoe" and some matches. These would do for souvenirs, and the Smith & Wesson was not a bad keepsake. I walked slowly up to my room, feeling that I had had a great triumph. "How Belle will laugh when I tell her! Dear, precious girl!"

And with these thoughts, I went to my desk, opened a drawer and took out a small box, as I had done a dozen times before, to admire the glittering diamonds that were soon to be hers. I leaned back in my chair as I again thought of relating the story to her. I went mentally through all the details. Then I sat up and opened the box.

What did I see! The box was empty! Dropping it, I looked hurriedly through the drawer from which I had taken it, though I *knew* that *that* was useless.

Down the steps I ran, picked up the robes of the rogue and turned the pockets wrong-side out! I looked on the floor! I shook the clothes! I laid them on the table and ran my hands quickly over them! I hurried back up stairs and made another rapid search! But all in vain!

Then, leaving the house, I ran down the street to the police station. Securing the services of two men, I started out with them to find a man in scanty garb. No one had seen such a person. All the rest of the night we hunted up and down the streets and through the alleys.

At the first break of day, I returned, crestfallen, to my home. On my front gate I found a slip of paper, and with some difficulty I read:

"der sur i hope you found your dimens missin i put them in hevens what a mouth when you made me take of my clothes i am much oblige to you for your duds i throwd them out of the windo before you cum home they is a little tite but much better then mine you sed you wud not bother me an i trust a jint like you will keep yur word yur friend

"hevens what a mouth."



A monologue by Mr. Richardson: "There's a fine girl. She graduates in February. But she'll never teach more than two terms—but I don't blame her. I'd do the same thing if I could get nicely mated."

Miss Hurlburt (offering "Sweetheart Gum" : "Gum?"

Mr. Richardson: "Kiss Me Quick?"

Since the last issue *The Norm* has not heard from the following:

The Normal Society.

The Nebula Choral.

The Normalonians.

Louvier Hall.

We fear that they may have passed to the great beyond, but hope that they are only asleep.



## The Prodigal's Return

(By LOTTIE ROSS.)

**I**T WAS the eve of Christmas. The snow fell swiftly and like a mantle overspread the little seaport town. The streets seemed deserted and silent, the houses all cold and dark, except one, from one window of which a faint light glimmered.

Within this room, an old couple were seated with their faces wrapped in gloom. They looked sad and lonely, as they sat thinking of their only son.

"Now, Mother," said the old man, "'tis almost twelve o'clock. The bells will ring in Christmas soon, for this is Christmas eve. So, Mother, you see to the light in the window and see that the door is loosed from every bolt and bar; for 'twas twenty long years ago tonight, when our boy ran away from home. God knows if he be living yet. Just think—twenty long, long years and twenty long Christmas days without him. How can we spend another?"

When the mother had complied with his requests, the rambling voice continued: "Your eyes, dear Mother, are as bright as fifty years ago. I cannot see them now, but still I know they must be. So please read some from the comforting Book to me."

The old woman reached up to the shelf and took down the family Bible. Fitting her glasses carefully, she opened the book and read, in a low sweet voice, the old, old story of the Christ who was born so long ago. Then turning to the story of the "Prodigal Son," she read slowly on, while the old man bowed his head and the tears coursed silently down his cheeks.

Meanwhile, a man was toiling up the steep, narrow street. His figure was bent and worn. The falling snow blinded him, the icy wind buffeted him about. But stumbling and rising again, on he went toward the light, faintly glimmering in the distance.

Reaching the house, he cautiously approached the window and peered through the glass into the room. He started back and a hurried exclamation escaped his lips. Could this be his

happy childhood home? Could that old couple be his father and mother?

With trembling steps, he drew nigh again and listened to their conversation. No wonder his heart sank within him in shame and sorrow as he listened. The thought entered his mind to retreat before he was discovered. But at last, overcome by his father's tears, he opened the door and rushed in, exclaiming, "Father! Mother I've come back! Forgive me!" The blind man started to his feet like one amazed, while the mother clasped her son to her heart, just as the Christmas bells pealed out their message of "peace on earth, good will to men."



The Editor runs a nice little column called "Culled from the Editor's Mail," but he does not "cull" it all; so the First Assistant culls this for the benefit of students at large: "I smile when I think how selfish I am to expect you at Monmouth—among all that 'melee' of girls—to take time to even think of a girl friend on the outside, much less, to write."



Miss Inez Kearns was awarded the prize for the first correct answer to the "Guess Who" contest in the last issue. This prize was a four-dollar box of stationery, given by Morlan and Son, of Monmouth. The correct guess was: top picture, Miss Carlotta Crowley; middle picture, Miss Grace Davis; bottom picture, Miss Olea Shore.



In the Portland Journal of December 2, from Toledo: "The first vote cast when the polls were opened was cast by a young woman, Miss Esther Copeland. Indications point to a large vote by the women."



DAVID C. SLEVOIGH—Architect and builder of doll dwellings.  
Estimates and specifications furnished free on short notice.



## Red Roses

(By OPAL MCDANIEL.)

TONY gazed into the huge and gleaming windows, filled with gaudy toys, beautiful Christmas books and pictures, and a big tear dropped, unnoticed, on his cheek. "Oh, Mikey, ain't those big soldiers just grand! And see the blocks! Ain't they swell! Wouldn't you like to touch 'em?"

"Onc't I did, Tony. Miss Virginia, the pretty lady that tells us nice stories, brought my little sister, Donna, some blocks with big letters on them, and she said she'd bring some more toys, but she ain't never been back since, and I guess she must be sick, 'cause she looked so white that day."

Thus the two little urchins chattered on, forgetting their unsold papers, the drizzling rain and howling wind.

Soon a jolly big Santa Claus appeared in the window and commenced packing his immense bag. The little boys watched him intently.

"Oh, Mikey, if he'd only come to our house and leave something for Donna! But I don't suppose he'd ever get down to Wild Rose Court, do you?"

"Miss Virginia said it's awful dirty in Wild Rose Court, so I don't suppose Santa Claus would come down."

Big David Burnham stood just behind the urchins, gazing absently at the bright lights, but at the words "Miss Virginia," he suddenly became aware of the presence of Tony and Mike. They were still talking of Miss Virginia, and David listened, spellbound. How these little ones loved her! But they couldn't love her one-half as much as he. If he only had not been so unreasonable! Of course, she should set the day herself.

Suddenly he became alive; he would try it. Turning abruptly, he crossed the street and disappeared in a shop, re-appearing in a few minutes with a large box, which he took to the youngsters, saying, "Here, boys, would you like to earn a little money tonight?" Naturally, both were elated at the prospect, and said so.

"Then take this to —— Broad Street and give it to anyone who answers the door. Say it is for Miss Elsmore."

The lads were anxious to start, so he gave them each a shining coin, and with beaming faces they left him.

"Maybe that will straighten things a little," David mused, and then he sought the depths of this same toy shop, where he found the jolly Santa Claus and purchased the things which Tony and Mikey had so much desired, with the addition of gay gifts for little Donna, and any more little ones there should happen to be in Wild Rose Court.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come in!" Virginia Elsmore called, in answer to her maid's knock. Mary presented a large box and was just leaving, when Virginia stopped her with, "Where did this come from, Mary?"

"Why, mum, a couple of little boys just brought it, and they said a man sent them. That's all I know about it, mum."

"Very well, Mary. Thank you very much."

When she had gone, Virginia opened the package and lifted out a bouquet of wonderful red roses. She read the accompanying note, and then did just what a great many other girls do when they are very, very happy.

After a few minutes, she calmed herself sufficiently to think, and this is what she did. Going to her desk, she wrote:

"*Dear David:* The roses are wonderful. Of course you may call tomorrow evening. But wouldn't you rather come to dinner? I am sure Mother would welcome you. As ever yours,

"VIRGINIA."

The following day was, indeed, a Merry Christmas. Tony, Mikey and Donna were so surprised and delighted that they still tell how Santa Claus came to Wild Rose Court, and David and his happy wife never pass a toy shop on Christmas eve without thinking of red roses, tears and smiles.



Miss Harlan (to the Editor): "If you publish that joke on me about the T-bone steak, I'll be furious."

Bill: "Say, Slim, how long can a fellow live without brains?"

Slim: "I don't know; I am nineteen."—Ex.

As to how the new seats work in the rear, ask Mr. Peterson.



# An Unexpected Christmas Party

(By MAMIE E. AYERS.)

**N**OTICE—All girls who cannot go to their own homes for Christmas vacation and have no plans made for that occasion, please sign here."

Such was the notice on the bulletin board that caught the eye of each student who passed through the hall on a certain Monday morning, and many were the conjectures as to what it might mean.

The first to sign was Madge Brownley, a quiet, unassuming girl, whose home was in a distant part of the state. Next came the names of two sisters, jolly girls who were always welcome in any company where fun was paramount.

"I just wonder what this means," said Edith.

"If I can tell anything by that hand writing," answered Frances, "I'm not the one who wishes to miss it." Just then they were joined by several others and soon the list had grown to eleven.

"I hope it means something interesting," said one of the late-comers. "I'm so tired of this stupid town that I know I shall go crazy if I have to spend the holidays here. It's bad enough to be away from home at best and to spend Christmas away is just awful."

The others looked as if they felt very much the same, as they departed for their various classes, with their minds busy on this interesting new problem.

By night, the list had lengthened to fourteen names and then it disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared. Nothing more was heard of it for several days and the girls had about lost hope of its meaning anything at all. Then one morning, just one week before Christmas, each received a message signed, "Santa Claus," which read, "Be well wrapped and ready at half past seven on Monday evening, the twenty-third."

Again there were excited conferences and many guesses as to what it all could mean, but all agreed to be ready at the stated time.

Friday night came. Those fortunate enough to be able to go, departed for their homes. Fourteen homesick girls were left behind. However, by Monday morning their spirits had revived and their imaginations were again busy.

Promptly at half past seven, sleigh bells were heard jingling up to the gate of the house where the girls had gathered.

There was a merry rush to door and window, and jolly shouts and laughter at the sight they beheld. There sat Santa, holding his prancing steeds; but instead of the light-footed reindeer, they were shining black horses, that looked familiar to at least one of the laughing group. In place of the proverbial load of toys, he had brought a sleigh large enough to hold all the girls and ever so many robes to wrap them warmly.

As they hurried out and scrambled into their places, you would never have known them for the sorrowful looking girls who had watched their more fortunate schoolmates off such a short time before.

Away they glided over the smooth, crisp snow, the sleigh-bells keeping time to the merry chatter of the girls.

"I've got an idea!" suddenly cried out Margaret Waits. "I just know I've solved this problem."

"Do tell us," clamored all the others. "We've thought and thought, and now, for all we can tell, we may be in the hands of a brigand disguised as old Santa."

"Do you remember the hay-rack ride out to the picnic last fall? Well, I just know this is the same team."

"Oh, then, hurrah for fun! Those horses belonged to Belle Enoch's father," chimed in Madge, who up to this time had hardly spoken.

"Let's ask Santa who he is and where we're going," suggested some one.

"Never!" came half a dozen voices at once. "That would spoil half the fun."

"Just you wait, and if this does turn out as I've guessed, you'll be well paid."

Still Santa drove on, never looking to left or right and apparently hearing none of the lively talk behind him. However, if the girls could have had a peep at his face they would have been much enlightened. He had enjoyed the ride quite as much



as they, for it was none other than Mr. Enoch himself, who had been sent by Belle to bring her friends in this jolly way to her home for the holidays.

They now flashed quickly up to a wide open gate, and a call from Santa brought Belle herself to the door. She greeted her guests and soon hustled them out of the sleigh and into the brightly-lighted home, where her mother gave them a warm welcome.

They were joined presently by Mr. Enoch and together enjoyed a warm lunch, for the ride in the frosty night air had given them appetites that did full justice to the thoughtfulness of their hostess.

It was now late and they soon retired, too sleepy even to wonder what they would do on the morrow. They were sure at least that it would be worth while, and it was, for Belle was a clever girl and when she undertook a thing, carried it through successfully.

Bright and early the girls assembled for breakfast and were made acquainted with the plans for the week. First of all, they were to go into the woods for Christmas greens and to bring the tree that was to delight the hearts of Belle's small cousins, who were also to be guests on Christmas eve.

How the girls did enjoy that day and what a bower they made of the house. Not one of them had time to think of being lonesome as they hung cedar branches, strung popcorn and tinsel nuts. It was all over too soon.

The entire week slipped by so quickly that they could scarcely believe it was time to return, even when the sleigh again drew up to the gate to take them back. But in they jumped, each and all declaring it the happiest Christmas week of their lives; and as Belle and her mother turned back from the gate, one could see by their shining faces that they, too, had found great happiness in giving happiness to others.



School was dismissed at three o'clock Tuesday, November 26, in order that those who wished might take the four o'clock train. Monmouth seemed very quiet after the exodus of students for Thanksgiving.

# Educational Department

(Edited by L. E. JAMES.)

## HISTORY.

(By J. B. V. BUTLER.)

Every phase of this subject, every angle of view, has been so completely covered that it may seem presumptuous to even venture a suggestion; still there is one feature that is always intensely interesting and ever-changing, and one that offers vast opportunities for study from actual contact, so to speak; this is in connecting and correlating the events that are taking place about us with similar events of other times narrated by the author, in the text. In this connection it must be remembered that many of these events are but passing, non-essentials, but there are also many very potential ones. This is as true of today as of any other time, and the work of segregating these, selecting the vital from the non-vital and discovering the principles involved, is the work of the teacher, for the student and the citizen. The adjustment and correlation of these with the salient points of the author constitutes the essence of good history. The text affords only the merest basis; this is unavoidably more or less in a "plaster cast," as the author sees it, reflecting more or less his personal bias toward the issues. The foregoing fact is noticeably true when reading, for example, some feature of the Colonial days from an English or from an American author.

But, making all due allowance for these personal factors, the field of today is a rich one for practical historical study; the development along all its lines, educational, social, political, moral, physical, etc., is so marked that one is never at a loss to find a suggestive point for thought and comparison. It is especially easy to get a quick response from the student when directing him in this part of the work, for the students themselves are living it, are helping to make it, feel the personal touch with it, and hence absorb it more readily.

We believe it is of first importance that the student should be given a clear knowledge of present day affairs. By searching



out clearly the most vital, important happenings and tracing their relationship to the past, the student gathers the larger viewpoint. Some large, deep-rooted principles are being developed in the various world movements, and, under the present tendencies, the demand is more and more for citizens who can discover and correctly interpret these principles. Likewise, the need is for a more usable, workable history, such as will enable the student to meet squarely the many large issues that are presented to him from time to time, and by which he may better understand the past. Many things taught today will be useless tomorrow, but much progress is made from a study of the vital ones.

A knowledge of the past is desirable, an understanding of the present indispensable, the time allowed for this work all too short, and the demand on the citizen of today enormous; hence, the problem of best reaching the student of today, who is to be the citizen of tomorrow, is a grave one.



The Normal School was kept open on Saturday, November 23, for the benefit of the teachers of Yamhill and Washington counties, who, with the superintendents of the respective counties, came to Monmouth for the purpose of seeing the actual work of the School. The regular work was carried on, both in the Training Department and in the Normal. The party consisted of about one hundred and fifty teachers.

Lunch was served by the girls of the Domestic Science class in the Domestic Science department.

At the special chapel service the program consisted of music by the Orchestra, the Glee Club, two choruses by the student body, addresses by Supt. S. S. Duncan of Yamhill county and Supt. Case of Washington county, an illustrated lecture by Miss Parrott, and one by Miss Brenton, on the work of their respective departments. The new lantern was used for these talks, as well as for *The Norm* illustrations which followed.

# THE NORM

Vol. 2

MONMOUTH, OREGON, DECEMBER, 1912

No 2

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THE NORM is published five times a year, in the months of November, December, February, April and June, by the Students of the Oregon Normal School, Monmouth, Oregon

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Entered as second class matter Decemer 23, 1911, at the post office at Monmouth, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Is your Christmas list a long one? Does it frighten you when you look at it? Is it going to drain your purse, and even encroach on your salary that is to come? Does it cause you to lie awake nights? Does it bring you worry and sorrow instead of cheer and happiness? If you must answer "yes" to these questions, then you are on the wrong path.

"We have warped the purpose of Christmas. We have almost commercialized it. We have covered it all over with dollar marks. We have almost made the price mark on the gift the measure of good will. The practice is wrong.



"Investigations have shown that for several months beforehand, thousands in the humbler stations engage in a painful struggle to make or buy gifts for Christmas. The injury to health and nerves that results, doctors say, drive many to the insane asylum and others to the cemetery. It is a wrong conception of Christmas. It does injustice to the day. The real mission of Christmas is to gladden humanity, not to burden it."

"What do we offer in place of the gifts?" We would not replace the gift, but would substitute a spiritual one in place of the commercial,—a cheerful greeting, a kind word, a little help in time of need—these are not quickly forgotten; these can be given freely, and will enrich the giver rather than bankrupt him; they are priceless gifts and are always appreciated by the recipient; they do not burden him with that feeling of obligation to give in return something which he cannot afford and for which the recipient has no earthly use and perhaps will not appreciate.

## D

Now that women are to vote in Oregon, and since they make up the greater part of our student body, would it not be well to give our students a practical object lesson in the manner of conducting elections in our state? In a few weeks we are to hold a student body election. Instead of following the old convention method (which is a dead letter in Oregon) why not conduct our nominations and elections as nearly as is practical according to our state laws? With this end in view, *The Norm* offers the following outline for the consideration of the student voters:

1. All students not otherwise provided for shall be divided into two parties, to be known as the "Odds" and the "Evens"; students having odd roll numbers to belong to the former, and all others to the latter. Any who may not desire to belong to either party above named may organize an independent party.

2. All candidates for nomination for the various student body offices shall be named by petition; said petition shall be signed by a number of students equal to 25 per cent of all students in good standing on the roll at the close of the last preceding month; said petition shall be filed with the secretary of the

student body not later than one week preceding the primary election. (See pp. 98-99\*.)

3. Each candidate for nomination shall file with the secretary not later than one week preceding primary election a petition of acceptance. (See Sec. 3360-3361\*.)

4. All voting shall be according to the Australian Ballot System.

5. Secretary of the student body shall cause ballots to be arranged and printed. (See p. 105\*.)

6. The primary election shall be held two weeks preceding the regular election, which latter is provided for in the constitution of the student body.

7. Officers for conducting all elections shall be appointed by the president of the student body.

8. It shall be the duty of said election officers to properly conduct the election, canvass the vote promptly, report the result to the secretary and to post a copy of the tally sheet on the bulletin board within twenty-four hours after the close of said election.

9. The person in each party receiving the highest number of votes for any office shall be declared the nominee of his party for such office.

10. In case that two persons shall receive an equal number of votes for the same office, the decision shall be made by lot.

11. After the primaries have been held, independents may still have their names placed on the ballot by petition of 40 per cent of students. (Basis same as above.) Said petition shall be filed with the secretary not later than one week before the regular election.

12. The secretary shall cause the ballots for the regular election to be arranged and printed. (See p. 120\*.)

13. The person receiving the highest number of votes for each office shall be declared duly elected.

## D

In our last issue we stated that we were "determined to finance that number without drawing on the student body fund for a single cent—or 'bust a gallus' in the effort." We are happy

\*Oregon Election Laws for 1911.



to report that the red figures are on the right hand side of the cash book. For this we deeply appreciate the loyal support of students, the members of the faculty, our subscribers in Monmouth and out of Monmouth, and especially of our advertisers—to all these we extend our sincere thanks, and to all, A Merry Christmas.



## Culled from the Editor's Mail

You bet I want *The Norm*.—Cook (C. D.) Halfway.

*The Norm* is better than ever this year.—E. H. Hedrick, Drain.

Enjoyed the last copy of *Norm* very much—Meta G. Watson, Oregon City.

*The Norm* is splendid. In all parts I think it excellent.—Mabel Wilson, Roseburg.

I enjoyed the Thanksgiving number very much.—Gwendoline Carpenter, Grass Valley.

I thank you very, very much for sending me a copy of *The Norm*.—Nettie Brock, Enterprise.

Find enclosed seventy-five cents for which please send me *The Norm*.—Carrie Eilertsen, Rainier.

It looks as if I can't do without *The Norm*. I got homesick for a while after reading it.—Clay Hiser, Fossil.

You will have to pardon my slowness since at last I really send my order.—Francis Parker, Forest Grove.

My, but that *Norm* was good! I devoured it along with my dinner the day that it came.—Emma Knutsen, Astoria.

I should feel myself very ungrateful to the O. N. S. if I did not send the yearly subscription.—Sara B. Mickelson, Ontario.

Am pleased to hear of the success of the O. N. S. and hope this will be a very prosperous year for *The Norm*.—Alice Morrison, College Springs, Iowa.

I like my work here very much and am getting along quite well, too. I send my best wishes to the O. N. S. and *The Norm*.—Effie Williamson, Prairie City.

I have an intense interest in all the Normal affairs, especially

our paper, and wish all success to its hard-working staff. As the old joke editor, I offer this bit of advice to the staff:

Edit your paper and joke while you may,  
You will all be schoolteachers some fine day;  
Then seek for the joke, whate'er it may be,  
It's always on you, to your great dismay.

—Queen Lynn, Toledo.

This number gives evidence that the editor and his band of co-workers have put time, energy, brains, tact, courage and perseverance into their task. We teachers may profitably learn something from your editorial that touched the matter of tardiness. There is much truth in the following pedagogy culled from the Jewish *Talmud*: "We learn much from our teachers, more from our schoolfellows, but most of all from our pupils."—J. W. Livingstone, Monmouth.

I am glad to hear of the success of the school this year and to know that the enrollment is so much larger than before. I would like to be a student there again.—Jessie M. Hyde, 4046 8th Ave. N. E., Seattle, Wash.

I enjoyed *The Norm* very much last winter, and am glad to subscribe for it this year. Teachers' Institute this week; wonder whom we get from Monmouth to instruct us.—Clover B. Miller, Drain.

"I'll pay for this issue of *The Norm* but no more. *The Norm* is too one-sided. My son is a graduate from the Normal and you never even mentioned his name."——, ——, Ore.

Am glad to hear all is going nicely. Very best wishes for the success of *The Norm*.—Helen Peery, Powell Butte.

## D

### IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Miss Clark: "We are all such good cooks I'm sure we shall be married before the year is up."

Miss Butler: "Look at me, I'm not married yet."

Miss C.: "That's because you have not lived in Monmouth."

Miss Shore: "Well, there's no one here for her."



## What's Doing

(Edited by GENEVIEVE THOMPSON and FLORENCE HILL.)

In place of regular chapel Nov. 14, the students formed ranks according to classes, marched through the halls and to the north end of the campus. Here, with appropriate remarks from Pres. Ackerman, Mr. Hawley, Mr. Powell and Miss Kelly, ground was broken for the excavation for the new dormitory. The foundation has been completed and it is hoped that the building may be ready for occupancy before the opening of the summer session.

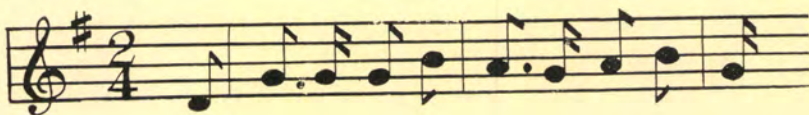
The possibility of securing this building is due largely to the enterprise of Senator Hawley and Representative Powell in the legislature. The work of these men is fully appreciated by all concerned with the O. N. S.

This building will be of red brick, the architecture corresponding with that of the main Normal building. A central heating plant, which will heat this building as well as the other buildings on the campus, will be located in it. There will be rooms enough with steam heat, baths and laundry accommodations for eighty girls. The laundry will be not only for the girls boarding at the dormitory, but also for girls who are staying in private homes who may make arrangements to have their laundry work done here. There will be large dining-rooms and a large parlor where the social functions of the school may be held.

The erection of this building means more to the O. N. S. than we at first realize. It will mean a home with all modern conveniences where our study periods may be spent under most favorable conditions and where the social life of the school will center.

A debt of gratitude is due the citizens of Monmouth who have responded with such royal hospitality in opening their homes to the students, and the erection of the dormitory will not entirely overcome the demand on this hospitality, as the increase in the attendance each year will soon call for as large a number of rooms in private families as at present.

The need for this building has long been felt and by the earnest efforts of some few persons we have secured the necessary funds and are beginning to see our dreams realized.



Harry Stine, '06, has given up the teaching profession, for a while, and is now working in a land office in Moro, Oregon. Recently he visited his mother, who lives in this city.

Gus Hurley, editor of *The Independence Monitor*, attests his loyalty by frequent mention of the Normal.

J. O. Russell, who has been in Y. M. C. A. work at Portland for several years, has accepted a position in Wasco as Superintendent of Schools.

W. A. Weist and wife (formerly Marie Helmick) are teaching in Salem. W. A. retained his position there as principal, through the adversities of last year.

We have noticed that W. R. Rutherford is still contributing his splendid picture studies to the *Oregon Teachers' Monthly*. He has received worthy notice from several prominent educators in the East on his picture work.

Laura Foster, who has been principal of one of the schools in The Dalles for two years, is now teaching in Portland.

Jean Kuykendall-Porter, who was married last June, is living in Falls City, and occasionally does substitute work in the schools at that place.

Among the various songs submitted for the Normal hymn, the one, "Live, Normal, Live" is the best and is being sung every morning in chapel. The words were written by Norma E. Daniel-Arant and the music composed by P. B. Arant, both members of the alumni. The purse of twenty-five dollars has not been awarded and we hope other alumni will enter this contest. Having an O. N. S. song unites the student body and the alumni much closer.

Mabel Muldrick, now teaching near Canyon City, visited Yellowstone Park last summer and reports a grand trip.

Phil Boche is doing such creditable work at Prairie City that the board has arranged with him for a three-year contract as principal of the high school. Ellen Lawrence is now one of his assistants in the public school.



David Campbell, now a student at U. of O. and giving music in Eugene, is planning a very extended tour in Europe to complete his musical education.

We feel Ira C. Powell deserves a great deal of praise for his faithful service rendered this institution as a Representative in the Legislature the last two years. We are sorry his term has expired.

Mr. Hawley has also given us his loyal support in the Legislature as a Senator, and will continue to be a strong agent for the Normal.

It seemed like old times on Saturday, November 23, when so many of our alumni came back to get a peek at the Normal and chat with old friends.

## Seniors



JUNE SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

(Reported by O. D. BYERS.)

At the last meeting of the February Senior class it was decided to have the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning, followed by Class Day exercises Monday morning and Graduation on Monday evening. The class has commenced the preparation of its Commencement program, which will be somewhat different from those previously given.

Miss Hesse, of the Senior class, entertained the faculty and



FEBRUARY SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

student body with a delightful chapel talk on "The Montessori System of Schools." We also had the privilege of listening to a very instructive talk on "Art in the Home," given by Miss Benson, on November 26.

A number of our class aided in entertaining the visitors from Yamhill and Washington counties, by presenting type lessons in the different departments of the Training School.

## Juniors



CLASS OFFICERS.

Alscutely "nuthin' doin'" this month. We even had to have the officers' pictures taken to fill up space. For filling space, Miss



Dunlap and Miss Lillie are of course far ahead of the rest of us, but we help out a little. That's enough about the officers, but the rest of the class hasn't done anything to write about except pay three cents apiece to square the Hallowe'en party.

Pretty near everybody went home for Thanksgiving and so there wasn't enough for any 'doin's" then, but we will probably cut loose with a party before Christmas.

## Sophomores



CLASS OFFICERS

(Reported by IRENE DEARMOND.)

The Sophomore class, though the smallest in quantity, is decidedly not so in quality. All the members take an active part in student body affairs, and most of them hold prominent positions.

Our president, Tom Ostien, is yell-leader of the student body and also athletic editor of *The Norm*; our vice-president, Joe Bell, holds the important positions of business manager of *The Norm* and reporter for the Normal society; our secretary, Lyda Bell, is a member of the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. and also holds the trustworthy position of secretary and treasurer of the Glee

Club; Lonella de Lano is manager of the Freshman and Sophomore basketball team; Florence Hill is assistant reporter to "What's Doing" for *The Norm*; Elda McDaniel is president of the Glee Club and vice-president of the orchestra; Vivian Allen is treasurer of the Y. W. C. A. and a member of the program committee of the Vespertine society; Rufus Bible is subscription agent for *The Norm*.

This review of our illustrious members shows how necessary we are to the school.

## Freshmen

(Reported by OPAL MCDANIEL.)

The Freshies have been napping for several weeks, and have forgotten the meaning of a call for class meetings; but the few who have not slept at their posts have decided that the class shall assist in the decoration of the chapel, and have appointed committees for that purpose. The first Monday of each month has been set for the monthly meeting of the class, and the promise has been extorted that a few loyal supporters will search the depths of their innermost souls for yells, by which to honor their noble class. Let us all pray that by the time another *Norm* is published this class will have done something worthy of mention. Wake up, ye Freshmen!

## Athletics

(Reported by TOM OSTIEN.)

By Christmas time athletics will be on in full blast at the O. N. S. The boys' basketball team has been practicing for some time and the schedule will be full after the Christmas holidays. The team is now planning a trip to the Coast, on which three or four games will be played. Some games with nearby schools will probably be played between Thanksgiving and Christmas, but no schedule has been arranged as yet.

We have been forced to call in some outside help, as many



of the men carry too heavy courses to permit of their regular attendance at practice; but the boys are going after the game with a will and with efficient coaching will develop a fast team.

The girls are progressing rapidly under the able instruction of Miss Wilcox, and O. D. Byers, who has been elected basketball coach. On the 23d of November the girls gave drills and an exhibition of folk dancing, in which they showed excellent training, and also played a good game of basketball relay. They are arranging inter-class games and we will have some very spirited contests in the near future.

## Girls' Athletic Association



(Reported by GERTRUDE ROHR.)

Since the last issue much interest has been manifested among the girls of the athletic association in the various features taken up in the regular course. On Saturday, November 23, a number of girls gave an exhibition in the gymnasium for the entertainment of the visiting teachers from Yamhill county. The program was in charge of Miss Wilcox and consisted of marching, basketball, relay and folk dancing. Music for the last was furnished by a three-piece orchestra. Much interest and enthusiasm were displayed and all present voted the affair a success.

*Junior and Senior Team:* Forwards, Lenore Sizemore and



Lela Erickson; Center, Gertrude Rohr; Guards, Nellie Anibal and Wilhelmina Frantz.

*Freshman and Sophomore Team:* Forwards, Orrie Steinberg and Louella de Lano; Center, Allie Hurlburt; Guards, Violet Findlay and Merl Dimick.

## Vespertines

(Reported by MARGARET MCCULLOCH.)

The object of the meetings of the literary society is social as well as literary. Since the last issue of *The Norm*, we have had several instructive and entertaining gatherings.

Miss Fridd, our critics, entertained the society in a delightful manner at her home on Hallowe'en. The members came dressed as witches in black and white; this, with the many novel features of the evening, made it very interesting and enjoyable. The program for the most part consisted in finding out what the future had in store for us, thus affording much merriment. During the latter part of the evening, delicious refreshments were served, after which we paid calls on the members of the faculty. Everyone declared the party the most enjoyable of its kind.

One very instructive number of one of our programs was parliamentary drill, conducted by the February Seniors. We have all profited by it.

Another program which was enjoyed by the society was the pantomime of "Hiawatha" in the gymnasium, which was decor-



ated with trees and tepees to represent the forest and Indian homes. The members of the society as well as those who gave the program were dressed as Indians. One member sang the Indian songs for us. We are very grateful for the beautiful picture it has left in our minds.



(Reported by GRACE HENDERSON.)

Thus far, the Delphians have lived up to their high standard set for themselves at the opening of the year. There have been but three meetings since the last issue of *The Norm*, but every member has done her part to make the programs both unique and successful.

Each program, aside from the usual readings, impromptus, stories, talks, orations, etc., has had some special feature. On October 25, a debate upon the question, "Resolved, that single tax should be adopted in Oregon," brought before the students a live issue. The question was very ably discussed and the decision was given in favor of the negative. It is quite probable that this debate exerted a great influence upon the last election. On November 9, a farce entitled "Thank Heaven the Table's Set," entertained and amused the members. At this meeting the roll-call was answered by a humorous story or joke and the "That Reminds Me" editor would have secured some excellent material could he have been present. On November 23, a Thanksgiving program was given. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was a feature of the evening which was much enjoyed by all.

Succeeding the debate on October 25, the Vespertines and Normals visited the Delphians and were initiated into the mysteries of Hallowe'en. Accompanied by a grewsome horde of ghosts and witches, they were conducted through the dark corridors of the Normal building from the bat-infested attic to the basement, where goblins and ghosts and various sorcerers prac-

ticed their arts in the midst of rustling corn-leaves, by the light of jack-o'-lanterns. After everyone had learned his future fate, all went to call upon the various faculty members. Mr. Evenden was not at home, but the milk bottle served to entertain for a while. Miss West's cottage could not accomodate the crowd, but the apples in the back yard compensated for this. President Ackerman, it is certain, would have been glad to see the party if his doors (especially the pantry door) had not been locked and he, himself, retired to slumberland. At Miss Harlan's, the last place visited, the promised pie was not forthcoming. But in the face of all these difficulties, the members of the party showed their optomistic spirit by singing serenades and college songs, and disbanded at a late hour with plenty of mud and a feeling that they had enjoyed a jolly Hallowe'en.

## Oratory and Debate

(Reported by NELLY ANIBAL.)

"These, then, are the problems we have to consider: The use of the universal laws of reasoning, the development of the habit of analysis and of unprejudiced methods of investigation . . . and the art of adapting one's material to his hearers so as to win their favor and affect their conduct."—R. M. Alden.

A number have entered the oratorical contest and are preparing for the try-out which will be held some time in December, the winner of which will represent the Oregon Normal at Newberg. The work along this line is especially helpful to teachers, as they are often called upon to assist in preparing and judging the orations and debates of their students. It is hoped that many may find time to take up this very important phase of the work.

During the last few weeks, there has been a lively interest shown in oratory and debate. On the night of October 25, the question, "Resolved, that single tax should be adopted in Oregon," was debated in each of the three literary societies. The Delphian debaters were: affirmative, Loraine Johnson and Nelly Anibal; negative, Hilda Anderson and Hallie Montgomery. The Vesperines arguing for the affirmative were Tomine Fety and Zella Burkhardt, who were opposed by Myrtle Muir and Florence Hill.



In the Normal society, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Wills were on the affirmative, while Mr. Haans and Mr. Hesselstine took the negative. In each case the negative was victorious by a two-to-one decision of the judges.

Another debate in which a very keen interest was shown took place on December 13, when the now popular question of the part taken by newspapers and magazines, in the discussions relative to the efficiency of the present public school system, was very ably treated by chosen debators from the three school societies. All present were greatly enlightened on this subject, and were well satisfied with the admirable way in which it was handled.

Miss Benson, one of the members of the February graduating class, presented a most inspiring address on "Art in the Home," at the chapel period, Tuesday morning, November 26. Miss Benson is to be congratulated on her splendid delivery and intensely interesting subject.

The next issue of *The Norm* will contain the names of the successful contestants in the inter-state oratorical contest, and we are sure that the Oregon Normal School will be well represented.

## Y. W. C. A.



(Reported by JEAN SHARMAN.)

The Young Women's Christian Association observed the Inter-

national Week of Prayer by a series of daily five-minute prayer meetings.

The members of the Association have arranged one of the third floor rooms in the Normal building as a place of meeting on Sunday afternoons. By means of strenuous efforts on the part of some of the members, the room has been made very attractive. The future meetings of the Association will be held in this room instead of in the chapel.

During the Thanksgiving vacation, the Normal girls who remained in Monmouth were delightfully entertained at a Thanksgiving party given under the auspices of the Association at the home of Miss Lyda Bell.

## Domestic Science



DOMESTIC  
DEPARTMENT



Oh! Lookie how MAGNIFEROUS  
the 'Mestic Science  
Cookin' is



Domestic  
Art Patch

What che know 'bout it?

(Reported by MARY WHITMAN.)

The Department of Domestic Science, which was added to the Oregon Normal School this year, was very fortunate in securing donations from different firms on the Pacific Coast,



principally, however, in Oregon. Miss Butler, the head of the department, is endeavoring, as far as possible, to use "Made-in-Oregon" kitchen utensils and other necessities used in the culinary art.

The Dwight Edwards Company of Portland has furnished the department with an excellent line of all kinds of spices and flavorings and also baking powder and coffee. These have been so arranged in the spice cupboard as to make the display of the name "Dwight Edwards Company" famous with the girls of the department and with our many visitors.

The department congratulates itself upon receiving a donation of seventy pounds of cottolene from the N. K. Fairbanks Company of San Francisco. This was most gratefully received and has given us an opportunity of learning that good results in cooking are attained by using the best brands obtainable.

"Eppley's Baking Powder" is a conspicuous name in our cupboard. The fine way in which this is put up by Mr. Eppley of Salem has won favor among many housewives and also prospective housekeepers.

The large supply of macaroni and spaghetti sent by the Pacific Coast Biscuit Company and the Northwestern Macaroni Company of Portland has reached us in the excellent condition in which it is packed by those companies.

A donation of flour from the manufacturers of the "Fisher Blend" of Oregon and Minnesota wheat has given us an opportunity of using what we consider, from the results obtained, an exceedingly good brand of flour. The Dallas Milling Company have promised to furnish us with flour and cereals through Albers Bros. of Portland.

We are very proud of the nicely furnished tables used in the Domestic Science kitchen, which were made by the Brown Planing Company of Salem. These tables are made from the finest of hard maple wood and are substantial and well-made.

The "Monarch" range in the kitchen was bought at a low price from D. C. Hibbs and Company of Independence, and has given very good satisfaction.

Under Miss Butler's supervision, and these splendid donations which have been so kindly sent and for which the department wishes to express its gratitude, we are learning that in cooking quality counts.

## Domestic Art

(Reported by LENORE SIZEMORE.)

The Domestic Art class, under the direction of Miss Butler, has been doing some very practical work. The various stitches learned in previous lessons are being used in the embroidery work, darning and patching; also in hemming and hemstitching napkins. The class will commence sewing machine work as soon as the new White sewing machine, which has been ordered, arrives. Various articles suitable for Christmas presents are now being made by the class.

Several useful as well as ornamental articles, such as napkin rings, picture frames and mats have been made from raffia; also, a very thorough course in paper work for the lower grades, with some construction work, has been given.

The Domestic Science Department was assisted by the Domestic Art class in preparing the favors, place-cards and decorations for the faculty dinner.

The great interest taken by the members of the present class indicates that this department is a valuable addition to the school.



Among the teachers who have been called away for institute work are Mr. Gentle, who was in Eugene last week; Mr. Ackerman, who spent a day in Roseburg, and Mr. Ostien, at Dallas.

Miss Tingling, a W. C. T. U. lecturer, addressed the student body and faculty during a chapel period several weeks ago, on "Teachng Temperance in Schools." She also addressed a number of students at four o'clock the same day in Miss Parrott's room.

Assistant State Superintendent Carelton addressed the students on November 25 at the chapel period.

The second number on the lyceum course was given on November 13 by the Katherine Ridgeway Company, consisting of Miss Ridgeway, elocutionist; Miss Grace Desmond, pianist, and Mr. Ludwig Meyers, baritone singer. The entertainment was excellent and was very much appreciated by all. There was a large



attendance of townspeople as well as the students and faculty of the Normal School.

On Friday evening, November 15, Mr. Chamberlain of California, editor of *The Sierra News*, gave the lecture, "A Trip Through the Yosemite." It was instructive, interesting and entertaining, and proved that Mr. Chamberlain was very familiar with the valley and appreciative of its beauties. The lantern slides used to illustrate this lecture were beautiful and artistic.

New seats for the chapel have been received. They will add much to the comfort and appearance of the Assembly Hall.

*The Norm* Booster Meeting on Wednesday, November 20, for the purpose of arousing more interest and enthusiasm in the school paper, occupied the entire chapel period. Each member of the staff appeared on the rostrum, representing his particular department. The heads of several departments gave short addresses in which they told the students in what way they might aid in making *The Norm* the best school magazine in the United States.



## Pointed Paragraphs

(By E. R. P.)

"Be brief."

"Do it now."

"Jot it down."

What were life without *The Norm*?

*The Norm* is "a trolley—not a trailer."

It's an empty honor that carries no responsibility.

Somebody is looking for that letter. Write it now.

Every enterprise has expenses that an outsider never dreams about.

Many a person is willing to accept the *honor*, but will shirk the *responsibility*.

There is probably nothing more sad than a man trying to get married and can't.

Do your work each day so that you can look each instructor square in the eye and tell him what you think.

Faith in your own ability and pride in your work are two-thirds the battle. Go-at-it-iveness and stick-to-it-iveness make up the other third.

## Exchanges

(Edited by SADIE BELL.)

We were very glad to hear from *The Washington Normal*. We noticed in your paper that you are trying very hard to raise the standard of schools, especially the rural schools.

The training school in connection with the Cheney Normal is serving hot lunches to the children who have to remain at noon. They also serve a mid-morning lunch to the smaller children, in order to test the effect of the intellectual activities of the children. The pupils of the upper grades are doing the work.

We received the first number of *St. Helen's Hall* this month. We want to congratulate you upon your splendid paper. Your headings were all very interesting. Your paper might be improved upon if you could add a few local cuts.

*The Zephyrus* was received most heartily. Your neat little paper shows good school spirit. Judging from your joke department we would say that you are a very "witty bunch."

We always look forward to receiving *The Crucible*. The last two numbers were very good. Some of your headings are very interesting; the "oozoo" deserves special mention. The cuts add greatly to your paper.

Teacher: "What is nicotine."

Bright Eighth Grader: "Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man."

*The Hesperian* is a very neat little paper this year. Your paper would be more interesting if you would add a few pictures. We wish you success.

If you want to be well-informed, read the paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.

The November number of *The Philomath College Chimes* is much better than the preceding one; but there is still much room for improvement: stories, very good; "Smiles," not up to standard. Let us suggest that you read the proof of your next issue before you offer it to the public.

*The Pacific Star*, of Mt. Angel, is probably the neatest exchange we have received. The cover design is very appropriate and attractive. The general arrangement and the headings are



excellent. The mechanical work throughout is unexcelled. The literary selections show marked ability. "Those Handkerchiefs" is especially commendable. The editorials show deep and serious thinking. The paper also has its humorous side. The editor's strength is shown in various parts of the paper.

*The Prospect*, from the California State Normal School at Fresno, which comes just as we are closing our forms, is one of the neatest exchanges that has reached our table. The mechanical work is excellent throughout: headings and general arrangement are very good. We are not sure that so much vacant space makes the paper any more attractive. "The Student Brigade" and "Horrors! Horrors!" are both very clever parodies, but we are not sure that we approve of the sentiment expressed in the former. Short on editorials. Stories, good; one or two more would help.

## Marbas' Letter

*Dear Dad:*

Did I tell you in my last letter about the boy in our room who broke his leg playing ball? Well, he had to stay in the hospital a whole month. Poor kid, he was so lonesome. The teacher let us all write letters to him one day instead of getting our Grammar lesson. I don't want anybody else to get hurt but my! I do like to write real letters to kids in schooltime when they are in the hospitals. He came back today and what do you suppose the teacher let us do? Sing Wa-hoo wa-hoo wa-hoo again. We sing, we sing cause Charley's here. Wa-hoo, wa-hoo again. Gee, the kid was so bashful he pretty near got his head mashed trying to slide down, so nobody could see him grin. He was so tickled—said he liked school awful well now. I do too, cause Charley's come back to help me get my Arithmetic when teacher gives us too long a lesson, and the teacher wore a new blue dress today. Gee, but I was tired of that old red one, it didn't have no pretty flimsy doodles on it anywhere. I don't like people to wear old clothes to show that they don't care nothing about us. I like style, you bet.

Gee, but wasn't Thanksgiving a big day! I did two important

things—ate turkey and got a postcard from Katie Dunsmore. You remember hearing me talk about her don't you? She's the lady who copied all those pretty songs off for us kids to learn. She always did tend to her own business, you know, but somehow she was always ready to help folks.

Say Dad, whatche know about it—a lady here said she wanted her girl to go to Monmouth School to learn to be a teacher cause every teacher who ever went there was the best ever. Now ain't that a good word for that school tho? Gee, daddy, wouldn't it be Jimdandy tho if I could go there. Wish you would let me go 'cause I forgot to find out some things when I was there one time.

You ain't forgot bout Christmas—have you? You know you said you'd let me have what I wanted the worst of anything, didn't you? I ain't going to beg for nothing nor even ask for something—but honest cross my heart and hope to die I'd rather have a trip to Monmouth to see all those nice people there and the new chapel things than hundred and thousand boxes of best candy. I want to see all them folks what I used to know and them folks that other folks brot there. You might not know what I mean but I'll bet there is one guy that does.

Dad, what do you spose is ailing Stanford? I heard one kid say that it wouldn't be as popular this Xmas as last. Maby it's cause Monmouth is more popular. Goodness me! I've got sense enuf to know that two places can't be as good as each other. Of course!

Good bye, daddy. I wish you a Merry Xmas and I wish everybody in Monmouth a good nice long vacation, and I wish everybody in this world could have the best Xmas they've ever had. I don't know no pretty sintimints or memory gems to tell you. You'll have to go to Monmouth to get them.

Write soon as you can to

Your loving daughter,

MARBAS.

Thank you for those pretty brown flowers, dad. They remind me of Mr. Austin.





(Edited by CARLOTTA CROWLEY and FLORENCE TATE.)

## BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE NORM BOOSTER MEETING

### *Scene 1. Science Laboratory.*

Enter Joe Bell. "Say, Professor Beaumont, have you got a dress suit?"

"Why, yes, I believe so."

"Well, could I borrow it for *The Norm* meeting?"

"Yes, I s'pose so. Did you ever wear one? Can you put it on?"

"Well, no, I never wore one. I've seen them on people, tho."

"Then I guess it's up to me to come down and put you in it."

### *Scene 2. Room in Prof. Beaumont's House.*

Sounds of struggle from adjoining room.

"Say, Mr. Beaumont, what makes 'em so tight?"

More struggles.

"Say, Mr. Beaumont, you haven't a white shirt, have you?"

"Yes, just a minute. There you are."

Short silence. "Mr. Beaumont?"

"Yes."

"Well, say, have you got a collar?"

Beaumont laughs. "Oh, yes." Anything else?"

"No. Not now."

"Say, Mr. Beaumont." "Yes."

"Well, I gotta have a tie to go with that collar." Gets tie.

"Say, Mr. Beaumont." "Ye-e-e-s" (wearily).

"I can't fix this collar without a collar button."

Beaumont hands in collar button in silence.

"Say, Mr. Beaumont." Deep silence. "SAY, MR. BEAUMONT!" No answer. "Well, I can't keep these cuffs up without some cuff-links."

Beaumont looks him over. "Well, are you all here? I've given

you coat, vest, pants, shirt, collar, tie, collar-button and cuff-links. Are you dead sure I have nothing else you can wear?"

Bell looks himself over and catches sight of his tan shoes. "Well, say, Mr. Beaumont, I really oughta have a pair of black shoes."

Beaumont collapses.

### DID YOU KNOW?

That a delayed train and oversleeping are the only excuses for being late?

Girls, that Mr. Livingston has five *nice sons*, only one of whom is married?

That Mr. Evenden likes to sit with four feet on the floor?  
Who Miss Tate's library assistant is?

That there is nothing in Monmouth exciting enough for Miss Harlan?

That Katie has a dimple in her chin?

That Burton is still waiting for "something exciting to happen"?

That Mr. Gentle needs a traveler's guide?

What branch of science Gracie Davis studies?

Why Catherine hates to be called Catherene?

Why Mr. *Beau-mont* sees so many meteorites?

Why Miss Wilcox was thankful for a full moon during vacation?

How many objects of charity there are on Monmouth avenue, South?

What two Normal girls have real "steadies"?

Who gets Ethel Dawson's lessons?

That Myrtle has accepted Mr. Parker?

That Miss Sizemore never walks unprotected?

That O. McD. got to school at two minutes before eight *once*?

That Veva doesn't like to talk about her neighbors?

That it's about time for Tom to get a new girl? There are many to choose from.

That Norene isn't a bit afraid, only she doesn't like to walk alone?

That we should all patronize the advertisers, and "Do it now?"

### IMAGINE.

Something that Miss Hill doesn't know.



- Miss Parrott apologizing to the dictionary stand in Room 16.  
Miss Lillie crushed on a mere man.  
Winters and Bible learning to dance.  
Mr. Burton calling on a Normal girl.  
Veva Dunlap in a hurry.  
Miss James lazy for one-half minute.  
Mr. Bell without a new girl.  
Miss Tate without a Mr. Murdock.  
Miss Fridd anything but sweet and serious.  
Miss Dicken without at least six interesting details of information to impart at supper time.  
Miss Parrott in love.  
Mr. Hesseltine adorned with an Opal.  
Mr. Ackerman five minutes late.  
Why Tom Ostien loses out with every new girl so rapidly.  
Bessie Graham without a new dress.  
Miss Harlan eating peanuts and playing ragtime.  
Miss Wattenburg without a new beau.  
Mr. Evenden studying his History of Education during roll call.  
Mr. Slevogh noticing any but the divinely tall and most divinely fair.  
Bess Shepherd staying more than two days away from Independence.  
Olea Shore without "You and me both."  
Gertrude Rohr with an unprepared A-N-S lesson.  
Misses Jackson and Anderson without a Psyche.  
Miss Parrott's highest ambition in life realized—"to live in a log cabin."  
Miss Allen without her Bible.  
Miss Henderson cutting basketball practice.  
Agnes Clark without a tri-weekly letter from ———, Pendleton, Oregon.  
Miss Anderson without ever-present Work.  
Mr. Ostien without a smile for every girl in school.  
Miss Mitchell ignoring the postoffice whenever a train comes in.  
Mr. Beaumont without a few moments of spare time for Grace.  
Hazel Work living up to what her name implies.

Irene DeArmond without a daily letter from "Halfway."

### NORMAL DIARY.

- Nov. 5-9-14-18-24. *Norm editors have new idea.*  
Nov. 14. Ground for new dormitory broken.  
Nov. 15. Everybody scrambles for *The Norm*.  
Nov. 18. Peterson asks Burton to see him home from Staff meeting.  
Nov. 18. Big day in chapel. Bell wears dress suit and everybody boosts for *The Norm*.  
Nov. 20. Tom blacks his shoes.  
Nov. 22. Great confusion and excitement. Miss Harlan late for chapel.  
Nov. 23. Parker catches the Richardson spirit.  
Nov. 23. Five carloads of teachers stop over in Monmouth.  
Nov. 25. Miss Parrott accidentally 'fesses up, tells Professional Grammar class she is going to live in a log cabin.  
Nov. 25. (The Monday after the six-day week.) President Ackerman reads rules for students in chapel. Even-den establishes some rules with his morning classes. Miss Parrott lays down the rule that if the students don't want to study they may be dropped from the class. Miss Fridd says "the students seem to be lazy."  
Nov. 26. Dance. Everybody dolls up.  
Nov. 26. Miss Benson talks in chapel.  
Nov. 27. General exodus from Monmouth.  
Nov. 28. Everyone has pain in sawdust.  
Nov. 29. President Ackerman wonders how so many people can miss trains on the same day.  
For ever and ever. Burton wishing something would happen.  
Dec. 2. Parker leaves for the land where lives his love.

Miss Harlan: "Such lovely biscuits! How *soft* and *light*. Where did you get the recipe, Miss Butler?"

Miss Butler: "I haven't any. I just made them out of my head."

Miss Todd: "Come, Max, don't tell me you don't know what a biped is. Why, your father is one.

Max: "No, he ain't neither. He is a Bull-Mooser."—Ex.



Information comes to us indirectly that Miss Lexie Strachan, of Joseph, would like to write and tell us how much she appreciated our last issue, but refrains from doing so for fear that we may publish her letter.

Mr. Richardson: "Say, Mr. Gueffroy, how much does a marriage license cost now?"

"If wishes were fishes,  
We would have some to fry;  
If wishes were men,  
We would have a supply."—Ex.

Fanny: "Oh, Mr. Work, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I believe there is a little dew on them yet."

Work: "W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it tomorrow."—Ex.

Mr. E. "I can't be good very long setting in a straight chair, unless I have all four feet on the floor.

Mr. Beaumont: "How many centimeters in a foot?"

Miss Muir: "To market, to market, to buy a fat man—"

Baby cries heard from Normal Library Saturday, November 23, about 1:15 p m.. It is said the reason was because they had tried feeding it on Domestic Science grub.

Mr. Gentle (in pedagogy, teaching the scale of maps): "Would you draw the top of this desk on a scale?"

All hands up for yes.

Mr. Gentle: "I don't agree with you. I would draw mine on paper."

Mr. Richardson (to Miss Hershey): "Is that your voice that sounds so deep and sweet over there?"

Mr. Butler: "Where do you shoot a rhinoceros to kill it?"

Miss Suere: "Why, I don't know, but I believe in Africa."

Miss Burkhart (teaching in Professional History): "What was peculiar about those birds? Miss—Anybody know?"

"Anytime you want a little freezing, apply to Mr. Fletcher."  
—Mr. Beaumont.

A bachelor girl, after giving her orders for a bill of groceries, gave a heavy sigh and said, "I wish I had someone to cook for."

Mr. Tyler, who was standing near, also gave a sigh and murmured, "I am married."

With Miss Parrott as her authority, Miss Hazelton has decided that we should call our friend at the Training School Mr. Illafoose, instead of Mr. Sickafoose.

Mr. Beaumont: "What is the smallest division of matter?"  
(Audible whisper from back of room): "Mollycoddle."

Geometry original: If two things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, why don't two fellows who like the same girl like each other?

Teacher: "When was the revival of learning?"

E. T.: "Just before Mr. Evenden's Psychology tests."

Miss Knapp: "A child should always say what's true,  
And speak when she is spoken to."

Prof. Beaumont: "Yes, that's right; but you are touching the physical side of it."

Miss Wottenberg: "Well, what side do you want touched?"

Prof. Ostien: "We judge civilization much by the colors the races use. Our own Indians delighted in bright colors. The more brilliant the colors preferred the more we think of savage races—"

Enter Miss Parrott: "Oh, Professor Ostien, may I borrow some of your chalk again. I would like some of those bright reds and brilliant blues and yellows."

Pres. Ackerman (meaning to show visitor view of Mt. Hood): "Come into this room and I will show you something just beautiful. "Meets Miss Parrott and presents her to visitor. Forgets all about Mt. Hood. Visitor wonders if such eulogies of each other are common among faculty.

Prof. Beaumont (to Agriculture class on observation tour): "Go ahead right into the barn."

Miss Coffey: "O-o-o-o-oh no. It isn't safe, is it? There's cows in there."

One of the girls: "I learned one thing in the class in Agri-



culture that I'll never forget—an average milkweed has 13885 seeds, plus what we threw out of the window."

"I thought I knew how to count until I entered the class in Agriculture; then I found that I was woefully lacking."—L. W.

G. R.: "Aw! what's hard about playing basketball?"

L. S.: "The floor sometimes."

Miss Hotchkiss: "A Senator or Representative may be arrested for treason, felony or 'breach of promise.'"

My girl, never run after a man or a street-car; there will be another one along in a minute.—Ex.

Heard from a girl who hasn't had a beau since she came to Monmouth: "When I was where the fellows had any sense, they were all crazy to go with me."





1



2



3

These are teachers or students of the O. N. S. at the present time: two were also here last year. Can you name them?

THE STAR THEATRE will give a free show to the entire society that submits the most correct answers

#### CONDITIONS

1. No answer shall be considered that is not on the form provided for that purpose, a copy of which is enclosed with each Norm.
2. Ten such slips shall be given to any person securing a cash subscription for this and the three following issues of the Norm; the price is sixty cents.
3. Anyone receiving the slips may guess, designating the society to which answer is to be credited.
4. Each picture correctly named shall count one point for each time it is thus named; and the society having the highest number of points shall be declared the winner.
5. Contest shall close January 10, 1911.
6. Canvass of guesses shall be made by a committee consisting of one representative of each society.
7. In addition to the above, the Norm will present a beautiful myrtle wood gavel and block to the society turning in the most cash for subscriptions during the contest.

The pictures in "Guoss Who" of the last Norm, beginning at the top are Miss Carlotta Crowley, Miss Grace M. Davis, Miss Olea Shore. Six correct answers were submitted. The prize, which was given by Morlon and Son, was awarded to Miss Inez Kearn, she being the first to give the correct answer.



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Spring Semester Begins February 4, 1913

Summer Semester Begins June 23, 1913

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